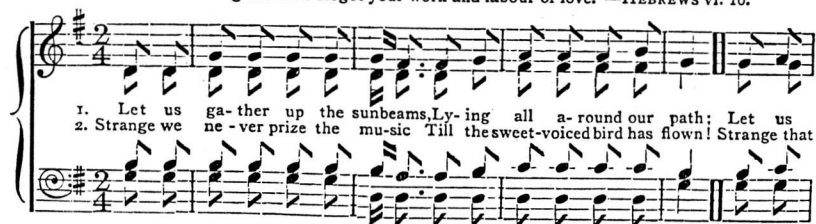
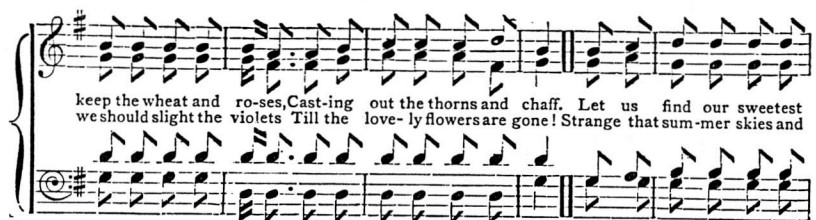


No. 12. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

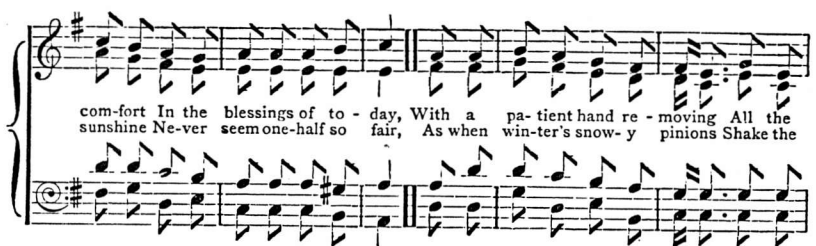
"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love."—HEBREWS vi. 10.



1. Let us ga-ther up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us
2. Strange we ne-ver prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strange that

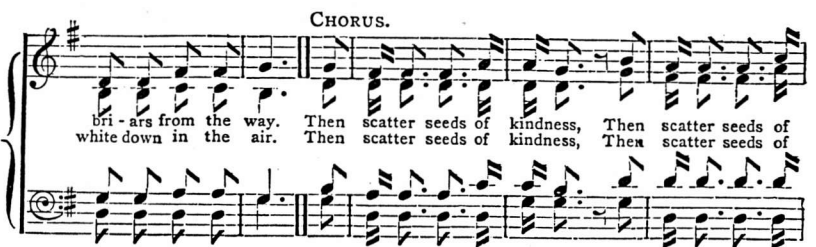


keep the wheat and ro-ses, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweetest
we should slight the violets Till the love-ly flowers are gone! Strange that sum-mer skies and



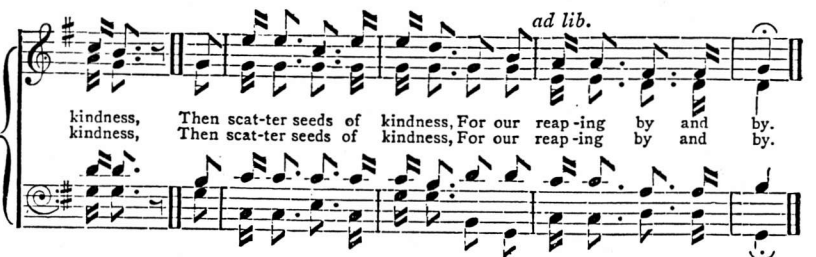
com-fort In the blessings of to-day, With a pa-tient hand re-moving All the
sunshine Ne-ver seem one-half so fair, As when win-ter's snow-y pinions Shake the

CHORUS.



bri-ars from the way. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of
white down in the air. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of

ad lib.



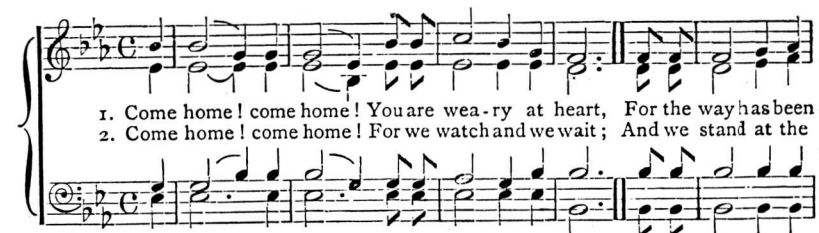
kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reap-ing by and by.
kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reap-ing by and by.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness—continued.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?</p> | <p>4. Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 13. The Prodigal Child.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE xv. 18.

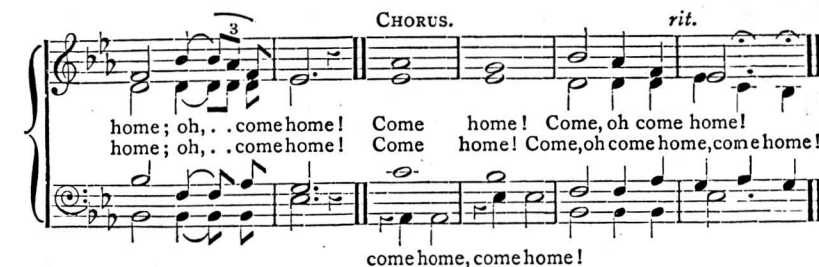


1. Come home! come home! You are wea-ry at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait; And we stand at the



dark, And so lone-ly and wild: O pro-di-gal child! Come
gate, While the sha-dows are piled: O pro-di-gal child! Come

CHORUS. *rit.*



home; oh, . . . come home! Come home! Come, oh come home!
home; oh, . . . come home! Come home! Come, oh come home, come home!
come home, come home!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled:
O prodigal child!
Come home; oh, come home!</p> | <p>4. Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there:
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home; oh, come home!</p> |
|---|---|

No. 14.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

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1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - - bove, Of
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it . . in - That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry
won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's re - me - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
of - ten, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has

CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed. } Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
passed a - way at noon. }

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story—continued.

3. Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
4. Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

No. 15. Stand up for Jesus.

"I will declare what He hath done for my soul."—PSALM lxxvi. 16.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
D.S. Till eve - ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Forth to the migh - ty con - flict In this His glo - rious day;
D.S. Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead, . .
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - numbered foes; . .

3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 16. Come to the Saviour.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—PSALM lxi. 1.

Earnestly.

1. Come to the Sa-viour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's

shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHORUS.

Joy-ful, joy-ful, will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

And we shall ga-ther, Saviour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

2. "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice! Let every heart leap forth and rejoice; And let us freely make Him our choice: Do not delay, but come.
3. Think once again, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest command, and obey; Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, come?"

No. 17. Jewels.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—MALACHI iii. 17.

Moderato.

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth, To make up His

jew-els, All His jew-els, precious jew-els, His loved and His own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morn-ing, His bright crown a-

-dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

2. He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3. Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

No. 18. Here Am I, Send Me.

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."—ISAIAH vi. 8.

1. Hark the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, "Who will go and work to-day? Fields are

white and har-vest wait-ing; Who will bear the sheaves a-way?" Loud and

strong the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee; Who will

an-swer, glad-ly saying, "Here am I; send me, send me, Here am I; send me, send me!"

2. If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3. If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4. If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

Here Am I, Send Me—continued.

5. If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children,
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6. Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,—
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

No. 19. Knocking, Knocking, Who Is There?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—REV. iii. 20.

With feeling.

1. Knocking, knocking! who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!

'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and king-ly, Ne-ver such was seen be-fore;

Ah! my soul, for such a won-der, Wilt thou not un-do the door?

2. Knocking, knocking; still He's there;
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3. Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes; so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there.

No. 20.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK x. 47.

1st time. 2nd time.

1. { What means this ea-ger, anxious throug, Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath' rings day by day? What means this strange com- motion, pray?

In accents hushed the throng re- ply, "Je- sus of Na- zareth passeth by."

In accents hushed the throng re- ply, "Je- sus of Na- zareth passeth by."

2. Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3. Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6. But if you still His call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

4. Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5. Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 21. The Lord will Provide.

"The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—PSALM xxxiv. 10.

1. In some way or o- ther the Lord will pro- vide: It

may not be my way, It may not be thy way; And

yet, in His own way, "The Lord will pro- vide."

2.
At some time or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time;
And yet, in His own time,
"The Lord will provide."

3.
Despond then no longer, the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken:
"The Lord will provide."

4.
March on then right boldly, the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

No. 22. When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear again the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—HEBREWS ix. 28.

1. { Down life's dark vale we wan-der, Till Je-sus comes. We watch, and wait, and wonder,
Oh, let my lamp be burning When Je-sus comes; For Him my soul be yearning,

CHORUS.

Till Je - sus comes. } All joy His loved ones bring-ing, When Je - sus comes;
When Je - sus comes. }

All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Je - sus comes, All beau-ty bright and vernal,

When Je - sus comes; All glo-ry grand, e - ter-nal, When Je - sus comes.

2.
No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace, and joy, and gladness,
When Jesus comes.
All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

3.
He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.
He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arm will rest me!
When Jesus comes.

No. 23. That will be Heaven for Me.

"We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 JOHN iv. 2.

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I
3. I know not the form of my man - sion fair, I

take me a-way to His own dear home; But I know that His presence will
know not the sound of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of
know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Saviour will

light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
wel-come me there, And that will be hea - ven for me.

And that will be glory for me,..... Oh, that will be glory for me,.....
And that will be music for me,..... Oh, that will be music for me,.....
And that will be heaven for me,..... Oh, that will be heaven for me,.....
Yes, that will be glory, oh, that will be glory for me,.....
Yes, that will be music, oh, that will be music for me,.....
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heaven for me,.....

But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King, And that will be music for me.
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

No. 24. "Whosoever Will."

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—REV. xxii. 17.

Foyfully.

1. "Who-so-e-ver hear-eth," shout, shout the sound, Send the blessed tidings
2. Who-so-e-ver com-eth need not de-lay; Now the door is o-pen,
3. "Who-so-e-ver will" the pro-mise se-cure; "Who-so-e-ver will" for

all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher-e-ver man is found,
en-ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way,
e-ver must en-dure; "Who-so-e-ver will," 'tis life for e-ver-more,

CHORUS.

"Who-so-e-ver will may come." "Who-so-e-ver will, who-so-e-ver will,"

Send the pro-cla-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing

Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so-e-ver will may come."

No. 25. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. xxxiii. 27.

1. Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe on His gen-ile breast,
Chorus. Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe on His gen-ile breast,

rit. *End.*
There by His love o'er-sha-ded, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
There by His love o'er-sha-ded, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels Borne in a song to me, ..

D.C. Chorus.
O-ver the fields of glo-ry, O-ver the jas-per sea. . .

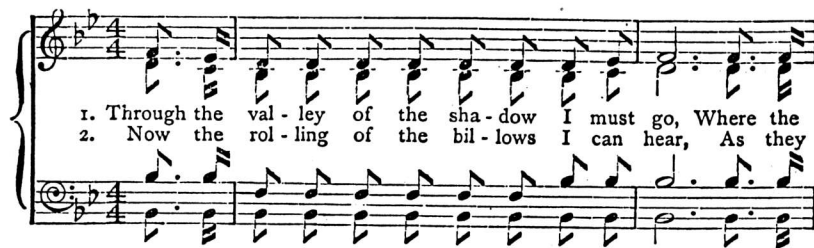
2. Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

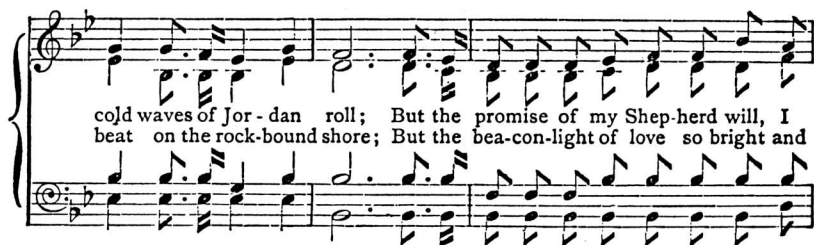
No. 26.

There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me:
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."—PSALM xxiii. 4.



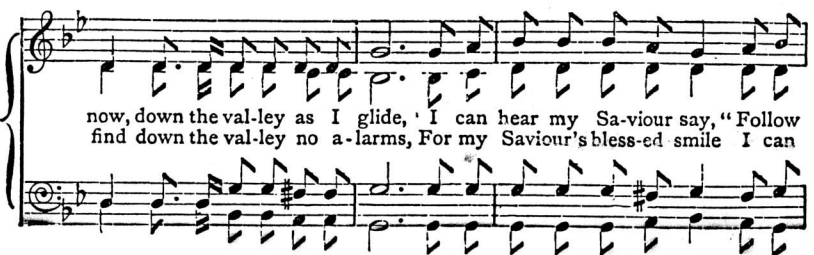
1. Through the val - ley of the sha - dow I must go, Where the
2. Now the rol - ling of the bil - lows I can hear, As they



cold waves of Jor - dan roll; But the promise of my Shep - herd will, I
beat on the rock-bound shore; But the bea-con-light of love so bright and



Slower.
know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E - ven
clear Guides my bark, frail and lone, safe - ly o'er. I shall



now, down the val - ley as I glide, 'I can hear my Sa - viour say, "Follow
find down the val - ley no a - larms, For my Saviour's bless - ed smile I can

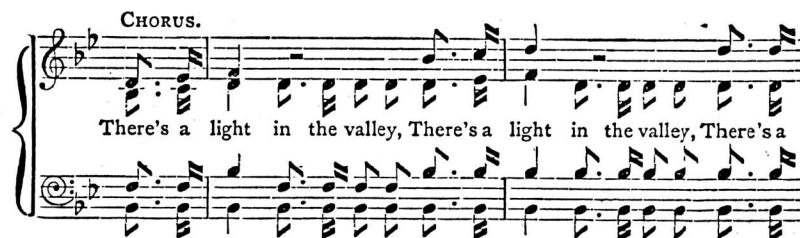
There's a Light in the Valley—continued.



a tempo.
Mel!" And with Him I'm not a - fraid to cross the
see; He will bear me in His lov - ing, migh - ty



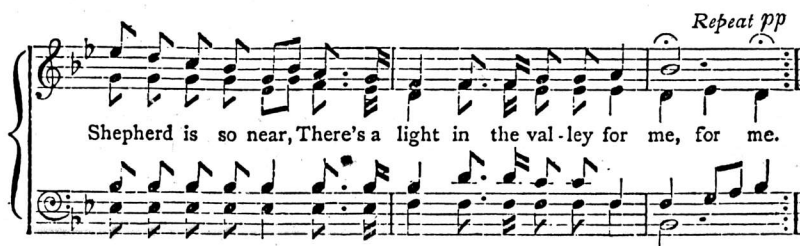
tide: There's a light in the val - ley for me.
arms: There's a light in the val - ley for me.



CHORUS.
There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley, There's a



light in the valley for me, . . . And no e - vil will I fear while my
For me



Repeat *pp*
Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me.

No. 27.

The Eden Above.

"In the midst of the Paradise of God."—Rev. ii. 7.

Andante.

1. We shall meet in the E - den a - bove, In that

beau - ti - ful land of the blest; All our shall
D.S. We shall

tri - als and pain will be o'er, . . . When we
rest e - ver-more in His love, . . . In that

CHORUS. Repeat softly.

en - ter that man-sion of rest. In the E - den a -
beau - ti - ful E - den a - bove. In the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

bove, In the E - den a - bove.
E - den a - bove, In the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful E - den a - bove.
D.S. 8

2. When we meet in the Eden above,
When we enter that blissful abode,
All the good who have passed on before
We shall meet in the city of God.

3. The saints of all ages are there,
The prophets and martyrs of old;
The children whose voices on earth are
Now sing in that city of gold. [still

No. 28. I Left it all with Jesus.

Moderato.

1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I

brought Him, And my woe, When by faith I saw Him

On the tree, Heard His small still whis - per, "'Tis for thee,"

From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py day!

cres. From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py, day!
rit.

2. I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile:
When my weakness
leaneth
On His might,
All seems light.

3. I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her
anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide
At His side.

4. Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not half thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are
hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes thee room—
Oh, come home!

No. 29.

Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."—MATT. v. 16.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house e-ver-
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled; Loud the an-gry bil-lows
 3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my bro-ther: Some poor sea-man tem-pest-

- more; But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 - roar; Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 - tost, Try-ing now to make the har-bour, In the dark-ness may be lost.

CHORUS.

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! Some poor

faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

No. 30.

One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day."—JOHN ix. 4.

1. One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of earth for me! But heaven is
 2. One more day's work for Je-sus; How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not

near-er, And Christ is dear-er, Than yes-ter-day to me: His love and
 du-ty, To speak His beauty; My soul mounts on the wing, At the mere

CHORUS.

light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for
 thought How Christ my life has bought.

Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of earth for me.

3. One more day's work for Jesus;
 How sweet the work has been,
 To tell the story,
 To show the glory,
 When Christ's flock enter in!
 How it did shine
 In this poor heart of mine!

4. One more day's work for Jesus—
 Oh, yes, a weary day;
 But heaven shines clearer
 And rest comes nearer,
 At each step of the way;
 And Christ in all!
 Before His face I fall!

5. Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
 Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
 There toil seems pleasure,
 My wants are treasure,
 And pain for Him is sweet.
 Lord, if I may,
 I'll serve another day!